

Academy of Music.

Otis Skinner, Wednesday, matinee and hight.

Bijou Theatre.

Factory Girl, all the week.

One of the most artistic successes of the present. New York season has been that of Otis Skinner in "The Harvester," which play has just enjoyed a notable triumph at the Lyric Theatre, New York, and has won the practically unanimous praise of all the metropolitan critics. The success of this production might, indeed, have been predicted, in view of the fadt that the original French drama from which it has been adapted, "Le Chemineque," of Jean Richephs, scored a decisive hit at the Paris Odeon a number of gensons age, and has been stage ever since as one of its best modern plays. Beerbohm Tree, the celebraized actormanager of London, produced it as "Ragged Hobin," his version being one of the notable events of a recent English geason, Mr. Skinner's American version has proved, from all accounts, to be



SCENE FROM OTIS SKINNER'S NEW PLAY.

an admirable transplanting of this recognized masterpiece to the American stage, and local play-goers will, no doubt, be glad to learn that they will soon have the opportunity of witnessing the piece, direct from its triumpn at the Lyric, with the same expert cast and beautiful production, at the Academy on Wednesday, matinee and night.

Otis Skinner himself, has long been welcome as a sterling and scholarly actor and as a graceful and masterly portrayer, in particular, of poetle and romantic roles. Of his most recent achievements the praygoers will readily recall those

praygors will readily recall those the Lost Dauphin in "Lazarre," love-tortured Lanciotto in "Francesca Rimini," the lovable scapegrace, ries Surface, in "The School for

inal and extremely funny comedy scenes. It requires two special cars to carry the scenery and mechanical effets, among which is a complete electric plant and scenery and mechanical clicis, anolig the learn that they will soon have prortunity of witnessing the piece. If you have prortunity of witnessing the piece. If you have prortunity of witnessing the piece. If you have prortunity of witnessing the piece from its triumph at the Lyric, the same expert cast and beautiful clion, at the Academy on Weddyn and the Academy on Weddyn and the Skinner himself, has long been as a sterling and scholarly actor is a graceful and masterly portrayer, in the lost poetle and romantic. Of his most recent achievements raygoers will readily recall those in Lost Dauphin in "Lazarre, we-tortured Lanciotto in "Francesca Rimin!," the lovable scapegrace, as Surface, in "The School for al," the dashing wife-tamer, Peo, in "The Taming of the Shrow," in the higher tragic realm of spearcan effort, the sombre figure vengeful Shylock. In his new role is Harvester, by which title tie of this Richepin play is known ghout, Mr. Skinner has a decidedly

way Convention in Washington, D. C., were also the guests of Mr. Crowgey this week.

Miss Henen Huffard returned from Albemarle, North Carolina, Saturday, where also spent the winter.

Mr. J. H. Parker and mother, of Richmond, arrived in Wytheyille this week to spend the summer.

arryced in Wybisher.

Mr. W. L. Otey, of Bluefield, spent a few days with his brother, Mr. C. N. Otey, the entry of the week.

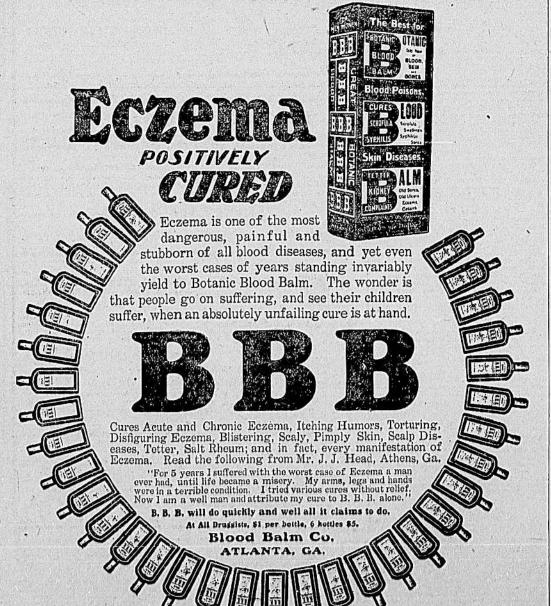
And Mrs. Stanley Strudwick returned Saturday from a bridal tour to New York and other northern cities.

Mr. R. Ludlow, of Philadelphia, was here last week, looking after mineral properties.

Paul Revere's House.

Paul Revere's House.

Prominent residents of Massachusetts, including Governor Douglas and Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston, are taking steps to preserve the house of Paul Revere in North Square, near the old North-Church, in Boston, from which he started on his night ride to arouse the countriside way up to Concord and Lexington, April 18, 1775. The place was about to be torn down, but a number of citizens have undertaken the task of raise 1817,000 to buy the property. It will be put in good condition, restored to its colonial dignity and preserved as a Revo-



NONDAY SALE WEARS YOUR MONEY SAVED. OUR

OUR MONDAY SALE means your money saved, because our buyers have been busy. We've just landed some job lots of odds and ends-good quality, all right-but we bought cheap and we sell as we buy. Look at this list, then come up and look over the goods, and you'll be satisfied.

> SPECIALS. CHAMBRAYS-Linen finish. In solid colors, stripes and Jaquard, 534c

> solid color organics—just the right shades. We were fortunate enough to secure more of these goods than we really needed, 534c therefore, we've got to weed out some; 10c, goods at..... 534c

therefore, we've got to weed out some; 196, goods of CURTAIN SWISS—36 inches wide. In dots and lappet effects; 534c loc. value. 534c BLEACHED COTTON—34 inches wide. Regular 61-4c. value. 378c

ONLY TEN YARDS OF ANY GOODS UNDER THIS HEADING TO ANY BUYER.

WASH GOODS.

WASH GOODS.

SHEDDR BATISTE, in small, medium and large dots: regular 734c

VOLLES, striped and flaked; we obtained the auctioner's eye at our own price; that's why the usual price of 12 1-2c gives place at the Monday sale to a 834c

MOHAIR LUSTRE—Here you are, a choice and fashionable fabric, worth 19c, and in every conceiv1134c

SHEER ORGANDY—Large floral effects; one of the host attractive dress goods in the store; Mon- 9c

ADOLIANS—This is as fine and tastily

WHITE GOODS.

FRENCH LAWN, 40 inches wide, very sheer and fine; 25c value, 93/4 c
CANNON CLOTH-Double fold, linen

LONG CLOTH-12 yards to the piece; enough said; for the piece, 79c

SILKS.

have some very effective patterns, in creams, browns, navy blues and

blacks; 500 goods, but our silk department 'is a little over- 39C

CHIFFON AND DRESS TAFFETAS, 36 inches wide; the usual \$1.25 value will on Monday be cut down 98c

This is a fraction above cost to us.

READY-MADE GAR-MENTS, &c.

SHEER LAWN WAISTS, with 48c linen collar; very pretty..... 48c SILK MOUSSELINE SHIRT WAISTS

-black and white only; reg. 980 ular \$1.50 value, for..... 980 \$2 SHEDR LAWN WAIST, with large, stylish sleeves, trimmed in Val. lace, with faggoting \$1.48

LINEN SHIRT-WAIST SUITS-Wide tucked waist, nine-gored skirt; Monday's special price on these \$2.25 will be.

The front is made of Swiss Boucles embroidery; some of the skirts are trimmed same as shirt waists and others are tucked; a regular \$3.48

MOHAIR SKIRTS, in blues and blacks. You can find Mohair Skirts anywhere, but an inspection of this lot will prove to you that they are not only of extra material and workmanship, but they are dirt \$3.98

SHE BELTS, with fancy buckles— These well made and stylish belts are in all colors; they are readily worth foo, but we are going to 29c make you a bargain price of.. 29c

DRESS GOODS.

FINE MOHAIRS, 36 inches wide, all colors, new novelty effects; these goods are part of an auction pick-up;

in navy blue, brown and black; a beautiful, soft, clinging fabric; 25c the Monday price is only....

LADIES' NECKWEAR. Some odds and ends, worth one-half more than price asked.. 10c

ALLOVER LACE, at a special 39C

TASH USTOM **UTS THE**

AULKNER'S

Agents for Standard Patterns, 10 and 15c. Seam Allowance.

ASHIONABLE E. T. FAULKNER CO. The Daylight Cash Store. First and Broad Sts.

Whims of the Idler.

WHEN MAN IS MOST MISERABLE.

ver quite overflows until he has gone through the process of "moving"-that from one house to another.

such as the shockingly unexpected advent of twins, visitations of the "inaws," unpleasant interchanges of Billingsgate with the cook, quarrels with neighbors about your children and their children, and controversies with urchins who persist in stealing the garbage bar-

reighbors about your children and their children, and controversies with urchins who persist in stealing the garbage barrels for (bonfires—but all these gale into insignificance when the furniture van rumbles up to the house and the day of changing habitation arrives.

The status of Joh, who held the championship belt for being the trousered Patient Criseida of the earth (we will charitably suppose that he wore frousers) can never be firmly established in the masculine mind until it is proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt trant he, Joh, but unmurunting, actually "moved" according to the modern acceptation of the word. Nor will we be satisfied to know that he folded his verie in the night and silently loped away. That will not dead and the modern acceptation of the whole agonizing test, we must know that he helped his wife pack the crockery and kitchen uteralis; that he burrowed among the racker boxes and broken chairs in the packing room; that he juggled the preventeween his clenched eath; that he shood on a murderous stephader and took down curtains; that he burrowed among the racker boxes and broken chairs in the packing room; that he juggled the preventeween his clenched eath; that he shood on a murderous stephader and took down curtains; that he burrowed among the racker boxes and broken chairs in the packing room; that he juggled the preventeween his clenched eath; that he shood on a murderous stephader and took down curtains; that he burrowed among the racker boxes and broken chairs in the packing room; that he juggled the preventewent has clenched eath; that he shood on a murderous stephader and took down curtains; that he burrowed among the case of the case of the darling frock coat; on a murderous stephader and took down curtains; that he burrowed in the middle of the moderate of the darling frock coat; of the moderate of the darling frock coat; of the moderate of the darling of the moderate of his heart and the pet aversion of his wife of sawdust; this morning the molasses jug was seen in the emb

other.

In short, the process under review is a sort of dual tortue, or, to change the metaphors, a double-jinted Hydra-headed monster that breeds trouble no matter at which end you tackle it.

The "moving" business revenis two facts never before noticed—first, that a man owns ten thousand times as much personal property as he thinks he possesses; and, second, that the amount of dirt which can accumulate in one house in a twelvementh would suffice to furnish soil for the hanging gardens of Babylon.

contingent under the trees on the Wedge-wood milk pitcher.

But it isn't the dirt which harasses one so much at the final moment. One can swallow that. It is the overwhelming revilization of the fact that one is possessed of so many goods and chattels-articles too good do give away, yet hardly valuable enough to transport at seventy-five cents a load. The sight of such property invariably raises a puzzling issue—that of generosity (i. e., the giving away of something we don't want) versus parsimony (the clinging to that which, in justice to ourselves, we ought to give away).

Take a three-legged chair, for instance. One impulse prompts us to hand it over for keeps to the cook's cousin, who always happens to be on hand whon she sees a chance of scratching among discarded rummage. Another impulse says: "Hold on to it; you may need it some day."

Bo there you are, torn by conflicting emotions concernings a fragment of property worth probably twelve cents, while the house girl is hithely smashing at endollar cut glass berry-bowl, extorted on your wedding day from some friend who dared not fail to offer a sacrilete to the matrimonial Minotaur.

It is at this crucial period of one's life, too, that one learns to appreciate the value of apparently worthloss things which get lost in the shuffle.

Let us say, by way of masculine illustration, that one's tooth brush, shoe paste and razor, by some inexplicable process, gravitate towards the receptacle

containing the table linen, and are there hidden from sight for several days. Hardly have they disappeared "unbeknownst" to their owner before he is sensible of needing all three at once. His whiskers begin to grow like Jack's beanstalk, his dental equipment cries aloud from frictiomal attention, while-the dust of his shoes so shocks his sense of propriety that infe becomes unbearable. Mayhap the erstwhile possessor of the tooth brush, shoe paste and razor does not use either of the three articles once in a month, but let him know they are missing, and everything is different. "Its absence makes the heart grow fonder.

wood milk pitcher.

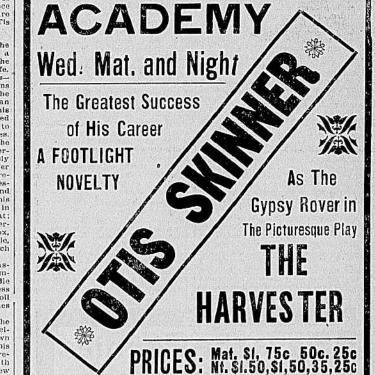
nished paint to scratch with their ever-

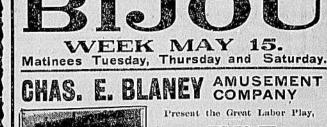
But with us old folks—oh, who can tell? Who, but those adults that have "moved," can understand the nostalgla bred by a new home. One can transport pots and skillets and kettles and clothes-wringers and furniture, but associations, alsa, byll not budge. They cannot be uprooted. The first night the old house is untenanted, these are all, all left behind—alone with the cold, bare floors, the great staring walls, the creaking stairways, the sepulchred closets, the gloomy pantries, the mysterious resounding halls and the dechired closets, the gloomy pantries, the mysterious resounding halls and the deserted rooms-rooms where little children have been born and little children have died, rooms that have been instinct with every human pinotion.

But enough, if the years are creeping up on you never look back at the old

you be Lot's wife or the consort of Mrs. Orpheus, for sure it will the quick, And, besides, there'll be trouble enough waiting you in the new home.









With Mr. LON HASCALL, as Charley Wilde.

A Thousand Heart Throbs and a Smile for Every Tear.

The Great Factory Scene, The Huge Steel Press in Operation. The Big Genuine Electric Flant. PRODUCTION CARRIED COMPLETE.